

DAILY BAZOO:	
One square, one insertion.....	\$ 75
Three " " " " " " " " " " " "	2 50
One week.....	1 50
WEEKLY BAZOO:	
One square, one insertion.....	\$1 25
Each subsequent insertion.....	1 75
One square one time, daily a week.....	1 75
J. WEST GOODWIN,	
Editor and Proprietor	



TO SUBSCRIBERS

We have adopted and will strictly adhere to the following rules:

All subscriptions for the WEEKLY BAZOO must be paid for in advance.

All papers will be promptly stopped upon the expiration of the subscription, unless notification of renewal, accompanied by the cash, is received previous to such expiration.

The time of expiration is printed with each direction, and subscribers may rest assured that the paper will be promptly stopped at that date.

THE EMPTY CHURCHES.

The New York Sun says: How to get people to church is a question which, as we learn from Deacon Richard Smith's paper, the Protestant preachers of Cincinnati are holding meetings to debate. It appears that the congregations in the churches of these preachers are small; that the attendance is diminishing year after year; that it is less today than it was twenty years ago; and that the outlook for the future is not at all hopeful. The language that fell from the lips of the Cincinnati preachers, the dolorous refrain that issued from the mouths of the Rev. Dr. Morey, and the Rev. Mr. Nunn, might almost raise a feeling of despair in the minds of those who still adhere to them. If the attendance upon their churches continues to diminish for the next twenty years, the costly edifices will have to be given up to the owls and the bats and the bitterns, or turned over to other uses than those for which they were built.

But why is the attendance upon these Cincinnati churches dwindling? They are costly buildings with cushioned pews and carpeted floors, and pleasing pulpits. Hear the swell of their organs and the melody of their singers. How lovely are the hymns. This, now, is the holy incense of prayer. Listen to the voices of their preachers, soft and sweet, as they advance through their sermons from exordium to peroration, as they rise into eloquence, as they wander through the fields of imagination, as they proceed with their orderly ratiocination, as they indulge in appeal and exhortation, as they take their flight beyond the clouds. Learned men are these preachers; most of them have studied Hebrew, Greek and Latin, as well as logic, metaphysics, and mathematics. Trained in the arts of rhetoric and oratory they are. Excellent salaries do they draw, as a stimulus to their minds. They are mostly men of good social position, so called, men of elegant manners, men who know how to dress and dine and drive, and who are familiar with the ways of the respectable world of which they are a part.

Yet with all these attractions, the Cincinnati churches do not attract audiences, and the preachers hold meetings to find out what they shall do about it.

The preachers whose eloquence is displayed in them deal with subjects of the most tremendous import to mankind. The relations of man to his Maker, the everlasting interests of the immortal soul, heaven and hell, the eternal and inflexible laws of truth and right, the principles of practical righteousness in their application to life, and the whole duty of man in this world—these are the themes which it is their business to expound from their pulpits. What other themes can equal these in interest? What other themes can be as desirable to know about? Yet the Cincinnati preachers complain that the people will not listen to them, and that the attendance upon their churches is falling off year after year. Is it not ground for wonderment?

The Cincinnati preachers do well to confer with each other about the matter, while yet there are some hearers left to them. Let them question one another closely, and see if they themselves are not somehow in fault. Can each one of them say that he truly and firmly believes, with all his heart and mind and strength, the doctrines of his creed, and that he exemplifies this belief in his daily life in this

SEDALIA WEEKLY BAZOO.

VOLUME IX.

SEDALIA, MISSOURI, TUESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 15, 1878.

NUMBER 29.

world? Does he go forth as the Hebrew prophets went forth among the stiff-necked and hard-hearted sinners of their time? Does he proclaim his faith as the apostles of primitive Christianity proclaimed theirs? Does he believe in hell, and is he devoured with zeal to save men from it? Does he accept the Scriptures in their original meaning, and does he enforce the vital duties of action that they lay down—even those severe duties that seem like stumbling blocks to the heathen? Does he illustrate the power of practical righteousness in his own conduct? Does he, in short, give the people to know, by his words and his ways, that the religion which he preaches from the pulpit is to him as the marrow of his bones, the substance of his being, and the consuming fire of his life? Or, on the other hand, is his mind filled with doubts about the doctrines of his sermons; is his daily practical action a parody upon the words of the Scriptures; does he seek to please his fashionable hearers by fine language at the expense of stern truth; and does he remain in clerical profession from the love of money or pride of place?

It is a melancholy and humiliating business in which the Cincinnati preachers have to engage when they hold meetings to find out why people refuse to listen to them.

The story is going the rounds of the press that the heirs of one Amasa Pawlett, a pirate of 200 years ago, have discovered the title papers covering a mile wide of the city of Philadelphia and a Baltimore lawyer has undertaken to recover possession. And now comes Emanuel Bushman, of Gettysburg, Penn., who claims that his ancestor has a good title to 500 acres in the heart of the city (including Girard College), estimated to be worth from \$300,000,000 to \$500,000,000. If these claims should be substantiated a very little "brotherly love" would remain in the Quaker City. The McGee heirs also claim 80 acres, the Rising Sun Institute property, in the heart of the city, and the claim only dates 100 years back.

The St. Joseph Gazette says: One of the strong points in Canon Farrar's blast against the doctrines of an unending hell is that the word translated "everlasting," or "eternal" in holy writ does not necessarily mean forever and ever, or without limit. But among all the opponents of the doctrine of an everlasting hell we never find a scholar or theologian objecting to the translation of the same Greek or Hebrew word into "everlasting" or "eternal" when applied to heaven or its joys. Let the theologians be honest, and if they shorten up the punishment of the wicked in this way, let them beware lest they curtail the rest and pleasures of "the better land" by the same sort of reasoning.

There are six hundred applicants for appointment as assistant commissioner to the Paris exposition.

The rents of Plymouth Church (Beecher's fold) are steadily decreasing. They are some \$10,000 less this year than last. Virtue is its own reward.

American canned beef is having an enormous sale in Europe. The principal point for the preparation of this article is Chicago, one firm alone exporting over half a million dollars worth yearly to England. Their success has induced rival firms in other cities to go into the same line of trade.

He Came Back.

From the San Antonio Herald: Governor Duval, of Florida, was the son of a poor Virginian, a stern, strong, taciturn man. The boy was a high youth of fifteen. At the cabin, at bed time, according to the custom of putting on a back log, the old man said, between the whiffs of his silent pipe: "Tab, go out and bring in that gum back log, and put it on the fire." Tab went out and surveyed the log. He knew it was of no use explaining that it was too heavy, nor prudent for him to return without having it on his shoulder. His little sister, passing, was not surprised that he requested her to bring out the gum and powder horn, as a possum or coon might have passed, or the brother might have been seen signs. She brought the gum and Tab started. He found the way through the woods into Kentucky, in 1791. After an absence of eighteen years he was elected to Congress. A man of immense size and strength, he started for Washington, going by the way of his old home, to see the folks who had long since given him up for dead. Entering the little cabin door near bed time, he saw the identical gum log. He shouldered it, pulled the latch string and with his load stood before the old man, pipe in mouth, as quiet as usual. "Well, you've been a long time getting it. Put it on the fire and go to bed," was the reply.

The market and grocery stores have a surplus of dead turkeys.

WARRENSBURG ITEMS.

The Goose—January 8th—Personal.

Sudden Death—Capt. Pike Still in the Moral Show Business—Who Got "Left"—That Negro Sam Caught.

—H. Martin Williams was here last Monday and "we still live."

—Everything is lovely and the goose flies south, as usual, this time of the year.

—The Normal students ventilated the record of Andrew Jackson, on the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans.

—One of the colored convicts at Montserrat got merrily last Monday. A few shots from the guards brought the fellow to terms.

—The taxpayers held a meeting at the court house, last night. They would that all men "were both, almost and altogether, such as they are, except these bonds."

—Capt. Fiske gave a reception entertainment, at Holden, on last Thursday evening, for the benefit of the M. E. Sunday school of that place. It was a success—financially and otherwise.

—H. W. Payne, a nice young man of this place, returned from a trip to Boonville, last Tuesday. He has been visiting friends at that place. Madam Rumor says he was visiting a very particular friend.

—Andy Kirkpatrick, an old and respectable citizen of this county, died very suddenly at his residence, last Tuesday. He was in town on Monday and took a congestive chill on his way home, from which he died.

—Since the roads have improved the farmers are beginning to make our streets lively again. Wheat and corn are pouring into the mills and elevators, much to the relief of business and the joy of the merchants.

—Sheriff Emerson has selected the site on which to execute John William Daniel, on Friday, February 1, 1878. The place is a ravine north of town near the corporation line. There is no jail or jail yard in which to hang the condemned man in Johnson county and the result will be a public execution.

—Sam. Davenport, the negro desperado who escaped from the guard house last Sunday week, was captured by the police of Kansas City, last Wednesday. Sheriff Emerson went up on Friday and brought Sammie home to his dear native land. He was immediately arraigned before Squire Burnett on a charge of felonious assault. He waived a preliminary examination and went to the guard house again to await the action of the grand jury. He says he is "guilty as hell."

—The Journal Democrat of last Friday, contains an article headed, "Got Left." It created quite a sensation among the "boys" here. They looked eagerly into each other's eyes and asked: "Is it I?" Payne, Francis Grover and your reporter, all say it is pretty close clipping, but don't quite fit their respective cases, because Payne and your reporter don't smoke—in public, Jim has not had a girl for two years. He can't keep the same one more than three months at a time and Grover never would set up the cigars to any one. "He is not that kind of a cat." This lets us all out. We held a meeting last night and resolved to hunt up the unfortunate (?) lad who got left and extend to him our warmest sympathy.

—We are glad to hear it. Our druggist informs us that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup sells better than any other medicine, and always gives satisfaction. Is very cheap, too, costs only 25 cents a bottle.

A saint Legend of the Rainbow. According to popular belief in Germany, the extremities of a rainbow always touch streams, whence it draws water by means of two large golden dishes. That is why it rains for three days after the appearance of a rainbow, because the water must fall again on the earth. Whoever arrives at the right moment on the spot where the rainbow is drinking can take possession of the golden dish, which reflects all the colors of the rainbow; but if nobody is there, the dishes are again drawn up into the clouds. Some say that the rainbow always lets a dish fall. This once happened at Reutlingen, in Swabia, it broke in several pieces, but the finder received a hundred gulden for it. At Tubingen people used to run to the end of the bow which appeared to be resting over the Neckar or the Steinhof, to secure the golden dish. Usually it is considered wrong to sell the dish, which ought to be kept as an heirloom in the family as it brings good luck. A shepherd in the Swabian Alps once found such a dish, and he never afterward lost a sheep. An unfortunate native of Henbach, who sold the treasure at a high price, was struck dumb on the spot. Small, round gold coins, marked with a cross, or star, are frequently found in Swabia, and the peasants declare that these were manufactured from rainbow dishes by the Romans when they invaded Germany. In the Black Forest the rainbow used a golden goblet, which it afterward dropped. A stone thrown into a rainbow comes back filled with gold. The Servians have a theory that passing beneath a rainbow changes the sex.

When a double rainbow is seen, Swabian peasants say the devil would like to imitate a rainbow, but he cannot succeed. The Estonians called the rainbow "the thunder of God's sickle." A theory existed in the middle ages that the rainbow would cease to appear a certain number of years before the Last Judgment, and Hugo von Timper, in an old German poem, mentions forty years as the prescribed time.

—The right thing in the right place is without a doubt. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the best remedy for babies while teething. Price, only 25 cents a bottle.

WARRENSBURG ITEMS.

The Goose—January 8th—Personal.

Sudden Death—Capt. Pike Still in the Moral Show Business—Who Got "Left"—That Negro Sam Caught.

—H. Martin Williams was here last Monday and "we still live."

—Everything is lovely and the goose flies south, as usual, this time of the year.

—The Normal students ventilated the record of Andrew Jackson, on the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans.

—One of the colored convicts at Montserrat got merrily last Monday. A few shots from the guards brought the fellow to terms.

—The taxpayers held a meeting at the court house, last night. They would that all men "were both, almost and altogether, such as they are, except these bonds."

—Capt. Fiske gave a reception entertainment, at Holden, on last Thursday evening, for the benefit of the M. E. Sunday school of that place. It was a success—financially and otherwise.

—H. W. Payne, a nice young man of this place, returned from a trip to Boonville, last Tuesday. He has been visiting friends at that place. Madam Rumor says he was visiting a very particular friend.

—Andy Kirkpatrick, an old and respectable citizen of this county, died very suddenly at his residence, last Tuesday. He was in town on Monday and took a congestive chill on his way home, from which he died.

—Since the roads have improved the farmers are beginning to make our streets lively again. Wheat and corn are pouring into the mills and elevators, much to the relief of business and the joy of the merchants.

—Sheriff Emerson has selected the site on which to execute John William Daniel, on Friday, February 1, 1878. The place is a ravine north of town near the corporation line. There is no jail or jail yard in which to hang the condemned man in Johnson county and the result will be a public execution.

—Sam. Davenport, the negro desperado who escaped from the guard house last Sunday week, was captured by the police of Kansas City, last Wednesday. Sheriff Emerson went up on Friday and brought Sammie home to his dear native land. He was immediately arraigned before Squire Burnett on a charge of felonious assault. He waived a preliminary examination and went to the guard house again to await the action of the grand jury. He says he is "guilty as hell."

—The Journal Democrat of last Friday, contains an article headed, "Got Left." It created quite a sensation among the "boys" here. They looked eagerly into each other's eyes and asked: "Is it I?" Payne, Francis Grover and your reporter, all say it is pretty close clipping, but don't quite fit their respective cases, because Payne and your reporter don't smoke—in public, Jim has not had a girl for two years. He can't keep the same one more than three months at a time and Grover never would set up the cigars to any one. "He is not that kind of a cat." This lets us all out. We held a meeting last night and resolved to hunt up the unfortunate (?) lad who got left and extend to him our warmest sympathy.

—We are glad to hear it. Our druggist informs us that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup sells better than any other medicine, and always gives satisfaction. Is very cheap, too, costs only 25 cents a bottle.

A saint Legend of the Rainbow. According to popular belief in Germany, the extremities of a rainbow always touch streams, whence it draws water by means of two large golden dishes. That is why it rains for three days after the appearance of a rainbow, because the water must fall again on the earth. Whoever arrives at the right moment on the spot where the rainbow is drinking can take possession of the golden dish, which reflects all the colors of the rainbow; but if nobody is there, the dishes are again drawn up into the clouds. Some say that the rainbow always lets a dish fall. This once happened at Reutlingen, in Swabia, it broke in several pieces, but the finder received a hundred gulden for it. At Tubingen people used to run to the end of the bow which appeared to be resting over the Neckar or the Steinhof, to secure the golden dish. Usually it is considered wrong to sell the dish, which ought to be kept as an heirloom in the family as it brings good luck. A shepherd in the Swabian Alps once found such a dish, and he never afterward lost a sheep. An unfortunate native of Henbach, who sold the treasure at a high price, was struck dumb on the spot. Small, round gold coins, marked with a cross, or star, are frequently found in Swabia, and the peasants declare that these were manufactured from rainbow dishes by the Romans when they invaded Germany. In the Black Forest the rainbow used a golden goblet, which it afterward dropped. A stone thrown into a rainbow comes back filled with gold. The Servians have a theory that passing beneath a rainbow changes the sex.

When a double rainbow is seen, Swabian peasants say the devil would like to imitate a rainbow, but he cannot succeed. The Estonians called the rainbow "the thunder of God's sickle." A theory existed in the middle ages that the rainbow would cease to appear a certain number of years before the Last Judgment, and Hugo von Timper, in an old German poem, mentions forty years as the prescribed time.

—The right thing in the right place is without a doubt. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the best remedy for babies while teething. Price, only 25 cents a bottle.

WARRENSBURG ITEMS.

The Goose—January 8th—Personal.

Sudden Death—Capt. Pike Still in the Moral Show Business—Who Got "Left"—That Negro Sam Caught.

—H. Martin Williams was here last Monday and "we still live."

—Everything is lovely and the goose flies south, as usual, this time of the year.

—The Normal students ventilated the record of Andrew Jackson, on the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans.

—One of the colored convicts at Montserrat got merrily last Monday. A few shots from the guards brought the fellow to terms.

—The taxpayers held a meeting at the court house, last night. They would that all men "were both, almost and altogether, such as they are, except these bonds."

—Capt. Fiske gave a reception entertainment, at Holden, on last Thursday evening, for the benefit of the M. E. Sunday school of that place. It was a success—financially and otherwise.

—H. W. Payne, a nice young man of this place, returned from a trip to Boonville, last Tuesday. He has been visiting friends at that place. Madam Rumor says he was visiting a very particular friend.

—Andy Kirkpatrick, an old and respectable citizen of this county, died very suddenly at his residence, last Tuesday. He was in town on Monday and took a congestive chill on his way home, from which he died.

—Since the roads have improved the farmers are beginning to make our streets lively again. Wheat and corn are pouring into the mills and elevators, much to the relief of business and the joy of the merchants.

—Sheriff Emerson has selected the site on which to execute John William Daniel, on Friday, February 1, 1878. The place is a ravine north of town near the corporation line. There is no jail or jail yard in which to hang the condemned man in Johnson county and the result will be a public execution.

—Sam. Davenport, the negro desperado who escaped from the guard house last Sunday week, was captured by the police of Kansas City, last Wednesday. Sheriff Emerson went up on Friday and brought Sammie home to his dear native land. He was immediately arraigned before Squire Burnett on a charge of felonious assault. He waived a preliminary examination and went to the guard house again to await the action of the grand jury. He says he is "guilty as hell."

—The Journal Democrat of last Friday, contains an article headed, "Got Left." It created quite a sensation among the "boys" here. They looked eagerly into each other's eyes and asked: "Is it I?" Payne, Francis Grover and your reporter, all say it is pretty close clipping, but don't quite fit their respective cases, because Payne and your reporter don't smoke—in public, Jim has not had a girl for two years. He can't keep the same one more than three months at a time and Grover never would set up the cigars to any one. "He is not that kind of a cat." This lets us all out. We held a meeting last night and resolved to hunt up the unfortunate (?) lad who got left and extend to him our warmest sympathy.

—We are glad to hear it. Our druggist informs us that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup sells better than any other medicine, and always gives satisfaction. Is very cheap, too, costs only 25 cents a bottle.

A saint Legend of the Rainbow. According to popular belief in Germany, the extremities of a rainbow always touch streams, whence it draws water by means of two large golden dishes. That is why it rains for three days after the appearance of a rainbow, because the water must fall again on the earth. Whoever arrives at the right moment on the spot where the rainbow is drinking can take possession of the golden dish, which reflects all the colors of the rainbow; but if nobody is there, the dishes are again drawn up into the clouds. Some say that the rainbow always lets a dish fall. This once happened at Reutlingen, in Swabia, it broke in several pieces, but the finder received a hundred gulden for it. At Tubingen people used to run to the end of the bow which appeared to be resting over the Neckar or the Steinhof, to secure the golden dish. Usually it is considered wrong to sell the dish, which ought to be kept as an heirloom in the family as it brings good luck. A shepherd in the Swabian Alps once found such a dish, and he never afterward lost a sheep. An unfortunate native of Henbach, who sold the treasure at a high price, was struck dumb on the spot. Small, round gold coins, marked with a cross, or star, are frequently found in Swabia, and the peasants declare that these were manufactured from rainbow dishes by the Romans when they invaded Germany. In the Black Forest the rainbow used a golden goblet, which it afterward dropped. A stone thrown into a rainbow comes back filled with gold. The Servians have a theory that passing beneath a rainbow changes the sex.

When a double rainbow is seen, Swabian peasants say the devil would like to imitate a rainbow, but he cannot succeed. The Estonians called the rainbow "the thunder of God's sickle." A theory existed in the middle ages that the rainbow would cease to appear a certain number of years before the Last Judgment, and Hugo von Timper, in an old German poem, mentions forty years as the prescribed time.

—The right thing in the right place is without a doubt. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the best remedy for babies while teething. Price, only 25 cents a bottle.

WARRENSBURG ITEMS.

The Goose—January 8th—Personal.

Sudden Death—Capt. Pike Still in the Moral Show Business—Who Got "Left"—That Negro Sam Caught.

—H. Martin Williams was here last Monday and "we still live."

—Everything is lovely and the goose flies south, as usual, this time of the year.

—The Normal students ventilated the record of Andrew Jackson, on the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans.

—One of the colored convicts at Montserrat got merrily last Monday. A few shots from the guards brought the fellow to terms.

—The taxpayers held a meeting at the court house, last night. They would that all men "were both, almost and altogether, such as they are, except these bonds."

—Capt. Fiske gave a reception entertainment, at Holden, on last Thursday evening, for the benefit of the M. E. Sunday school of that place. It was a success—financially and otherwise.

—H. W. Payne, a nice young man of this place, returned from a trip to Boonville, last Tuesday. He has been visiting friends at that place. Madam Rumor says he was visiting a very particular friend.

—Andy Kirkpatrick, an old and respectable citizen of this county, died very suddenly at his residence, last Tuesday. He was in town on Monday and took a congestive chill on his way home, from which he died.

—Since the roads have improved the farmers are beginning to make our streets lively again. Wheat and corn are pouring into the mills and elevators, much to the relief of business and the joy of the merchants.

—Sheriff Emerson has selected the site on which to execute John William Daniel, on Friday, February 1, 1878. The place is a ravine north of town near the corporation line. There is no jail or jail yard in which to hang the condemned man in Johnson county and the result will be a public execution.

—Sam. Davenport, the negro desperado who escaped from the guard house last Sunday week, was captured by the police of Kansas City, last Wednesday. Sheriff Emerson went up on Friday and brought Sammie home to his dear native land. He was immediately arraigned before Squire Burnett on a charge of felonious assault. He waived a preliminary examination and went to the guard house again to await the action of the grand jury. He says he is "guilty as hell."

—The Journal Democrat of last Friday, contains an article headed, "Got Left." It created quite a sensation among the "boys" here. They looked eagerly into each other's eyes and asked: "Is it I?" Payne, Francis Grover and your reporter, all say it is pretty close clipping, but don't quite fit their respective cases, because Payne and your reporter don't smoke—in public, Jim has not had a girl for two years. He can't keep the same one more than three months at a time and Grover never would set up the cigars to any one. "He is not that kind of a cat." This lets us all out. We held a meeting last night and resolved to hunt up the unfortunate (?) lad who got left and extend to him our warmest sympathy.

—We are glad to hear it. Our druggist informs us that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup sells better than any other medicine, and always gives satisfaction. Is very cheap, too, costs only 25 cents a bottle.

A saint Legend of the Rainbow. According to popular belief in Germany, the extremities of a rainbow always touch streams, whence it draws water by means of two large golden dishes. That is why it rains for three days after the appearance of a rainbow, because the water must fall again on the earth. Whoever arrives at the right moment on the spot where the rainbow is drinking can take possession of the golden dish, which reflects all the colors of the rainbow; but if nobody is there, the dishes are again drawn up into the clouds. Some say that the rainbow always lets a dish fall. This once happened at Reutlingen, in Swabia, it broke in several pieces, but the finder received a hundred gulden for it. At Tubingen people used to run to the end of the bow which appeared to be resting over the Neckar or the Steinhof, to secure the golden dish. Usually it is considered wrong to sell the dish, which ought to be kept as an heirloom in the family as it brings good luck. A shepherd in the Swabian Alps once found such a dish, and he never afterward lost a sheep. An unfortunate native of Henbach, who sold the treasure at a high price, was struck dumb on the spot. Small, round gold coins, marked with a cross, or star, are frequently found in Swabia, and the peasants declare that these were manufactured from rainbow dishes by the Romans when they invaded Germany. In the Black Forest the rainbow used a golden goblet, which it afterward dropped. A stone thrown into a rainbow comes back filled with gold. The Servians have a theory that passing beneath a rainbow changes the sex.

When a double rainbow is seen, Swabian peasants say the devil would like to imitate a rainbow, but he cannot succeed. The Estonians called the rainbow "the thunder of God's sickle." A theory existed in the middle ages that the rainbow would cease to appear a certain number of years before the Last Judgment, and Hugo von Timper, in an old German poem, mentions forty years as the prescribed time.

—The right thing in the right place is without a doubt. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the best remedy for babies while teething. Price, only 25 cents a bottle.

WARRENSBURG ITEMS.

The Goose—January 8th—Personal.

Sudden Death—Capt. Pike Still in the Moral Show Business—Who Got "Left"—That Negro Sam Caught.

—H. Martin Williams was here last Monday and "we still live."

—Everything is lovely and the goose flies south, as usual, this time of the year.

—The Normal students ventilated the record of Andrew Jackson, on the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans.

—One of the colored convicts at Montserrat got merrily last Monday. A few shots from the guards brought the fellow to terms.

—The taxpayers held a meeting at the court house, last night. They would that all men "were both, almost and altogether, such as they are, except these bonds."

—Capt. Fiske gave a reception entertainment, at Holden, on last Thursday evening, for the benefit of the M. E. Sunday school of that place. It was a success—financially and otherwise.

—H. W. Payne, a nice young man of this place, returned from a trip to Boonville, last Tuesday. He has been visiting friends at that place. Madam Rumor says he was visiting a very particular friend.

—Andy Kirkpatrick, an old and respectable citizen of this county, died very suddenly at his residence, last Tuesday. He was in town on Monday and took a congestive chill on his way home, from which he died.

—Since the roads have improved the farmers are beginning to make our streets lively again. Wheat and corn are pouring into the mills and elevators, much to the relief of business and the joy of the merchants.

—Sheriff Emerson has selected the site on which to execute John William Daniel, on Friday, February 1, 1878. The place is a ravine north of town near the corporation line. There is no jail or jail yard in which to hang the condemned man in Johnson county and the result will be a public execution.

—Sam. Davenport, the negro desperado who escaped from the guard house last Sunday week, was captured by the police of Kansas City, last Wednesday. Sheriff Emerson went up on Friday and brought Sammie home to his dear native land. He was immediately arraigned before Squire Burnett on a charge of felonious assault. He waived a preliminary examination and went to the guard house again to await the action of the grand jury. He says he is "guilty as hell."

—The Journal Democrat of last Friday, contains an article headed, "Got Left." It created quite a sensation among the "boys" here. They looked eagerly into each other's eyes and asked: "Is it I?" Payne, Francis Grover and your reporter, all say it is pretty close clipping, but don't quite fit their respective cases, because Payne and your reporter don't smoke—in public, Jim has not had a girl for two years. He can't keep the same one more than three months at a time and Grover never would set up the cigars to any one. "He is not that kind of a cat." This lets us all out. We held a meeting last night and resolved to hunt up the unfortunate (?) lad who got left and extend to him our warmest sympathy.

—We are glad to hear it. Our druggist informs us that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup sells better than any other medicine, and always gives satisfaction. Is very cheap, too, costs only 25 cents a bottle.

A saint Legend of the Rainbow. According to popular belief in Germany, the extremities of a rainbow always touch streams, whence it draws water by means of two large golden dishes. That is why it rains for three days after the appearance of a rainbow, because the water must fall again on the earth. Whoever arrives at the right moment on the spot where the rainbow is drinking can take possession of the golden dish, which reflects all the colors of the rainbow; but if nobody is there, the dishes are again drawn up into the clouds. Some say that the rainbow always lets a dish fall. This once happened at Reutlingen, in Swabia, it broke in several pieces, but the finder received a hundred gulden for it. At Tubingen people used to run to the end of the bow which appeared to be resting over the Neckar or the Steinhof, to secure the golden dish. Usually it is considered wrong to sell the dish, which ought to be kept as an heirloom in the family as it brings good luck. A shepherd in the Swabian Alps once found such a dish, and he never afterward lost a sheep. An unfortunate native of Henbach, who sold the treasure at a high price, was struck dumb on the spot. Small, round gold coins, marked with a cross, or star, are frequently found in Swabia, and the peasants declare that these were manufactured from rainbow dishes by the Romans when they invaded Germany. In the Black Forest the rainbow used a golden goblet, which it afterward dropped. A stone thrown into a rainbow comes back filled with gold. The Servians have a theory that passing beneath a rainbow changes the sex.

When a double rainbow is seen, Swabian peasants say the devil would like to imitate a rainbow, but he cannot succeed. The Estonians called the rainbow "the thunder of God's sickle." A theory existed in the middle ages that the rainbow would cease to appear a certain number of years before the Last Judgment, and Hugo von Timper, in an old German poem, mentions forty years as the prescribed time.

—The right thing in the right place is without a doubt. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the best remedy for babies while teething. Price, only 25 cents a bottle.

The oldest daily paper in the city, extensively read throughout the entire State, by business men, and reaching all classes, it offers inducements to advertisers as the best medium through which to reach the public.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: BAZOO: One year, \$2 50

WARRENSBURG ITEMS.

The Goose—January 8th—Personal.

Sudden Death—Capt. Pike Still in the Moral Show Business—Who Got "Left"—That Negro Sam Caught.

—H. Martin Williams was here last Monday and "we still live."

—Everything is lovely and the goose flies south, as usual, this time of the year.